



# Maximum Ride



303 7 12

## Chapter 1 by Brooke Tanner

My real name is Max. I go by Maximum because I'm the best. My hair is always flawless. My title is Maximum ride because I'm always riding something else.... I decided Maximum Ride one fateful night. James had dragged me out to this club when....

## Chapter 2 by Harlander



... I'd been feeling down. "C'mon, I know a place where you can have a good time."

The club was one of those ones that tries to be cool by not having any signs or anything. Just a plain door in an ordinary city street. You'd never know it was there unless someone showed it to you. That's kinda cool, I guess.

The bass hit me like a hammer as soon as I stepped inside. The place was dark, with most of the light coming from the fluorescent body paint tracing the bodies of the dancers.

James bumped a fist with a weasely-looking dude in a stupid hat. "J-man!" the douche said. "I got what you want!" James slipped him a few bills, and the rodent handed him back a couple of little plastic tubes.

James tossed one to me. "You gotta get on this, I promise you, it's great." I looked at the tube. It was full of some liquid. I dunno if it was just the club lights, or if the stuff was really flickering with tiny sparks.

James grinned at me and flipped the cap off the end of his tube, holding it up to his mouth, wiggling the tube in the air.

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The hell with it, I opened my mouth.

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Chapter 2 by Harlander



The stuff hit me with all the clichés of a made-for-TV drug trip. I felt myself sinking as the room around me grew. I saw kaleidoscopes swirling behind my eyes. My heartbeat echoed like a drum in my ears, louder than the thumping bass all around.

Things settled down after a moment, but everything had changed. Where the dancers had just been mostly young, mostly attractive people, they were now figures of fantasy. Like fancy dress, but the most real-looking costumes I'd ever seen.

Across the floor, a demon like Tim Curry in that old movie danced with a glowing angel, her white wings sweeping over the heads of the other dancers. I saw a woman dressed like a Japanese schoolgirl twirling with a figure dressed in a suit of futuristic-looking armour. That was the least strange of what was displayed around me.

"What is this, James?" I asked, gazing around in wonder. "This stuff lets you see people's fantasy images of themselves. It's like VR, but without those goofy helmets. I dunno how it works..."

A huge man, older than most of the dancers but with the physique of a star quarterback, clapped a hand on James' shoulder. "Nanomachines, son!" he yelled over the din. "They build transceivers in your visual cortex, pipe the images right in." Then he strode away, forcing his way through the crowds like an icebreaker.

I looked closely at my body for the first time. As I concentrated, my skin changed colour and shape before my eyes, flowing and changing to my whim.

"Woah..."

#### Chapter 4 by Mason Lee



When I was little, I always dreamed of being an angel, with large, beautiful, powerful white wings. And now it was coming true.

Well, sort of.

The wings that had formed one my back were brown at the top and white speckled with brown

and grey everywhere else. They were huge and powerful, like oversized hawk wings. And they were mine.

I got ready to fly. I bent down, took a deep breath, and pushed myself forward.

And fell flat on my face.

"Nanomachines, remember?" yelled the dancer.

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"Yeah, no kidding!" I screamed back angrily.  
So, so close to fulfilling my secret dream.  
And then my whole world was shattered.

### Chapter 5 by Glowy-Druglord



"Erasers!" A young adult screamed, his eyes seeming to glow. He was looking at me, his pupils dilating until I couldn't see the small black dots anymore. Then I realized what he was, he was a mutant like me. But he seemed not to be infused with just one animal, but two. His muscles bulged through his skin, his canines lengthening. At first, I thought he was one himself, but I saw the orange and black fur emerging from his skin. He was infused with tiger, but what was the other animal?

The wolf super mutants burst through the walls, their inhuman forms large compared to mine. But not the mysterious mutant that stood beside me, his low tiger growls loud in my ears. He looked at me over his broad shoulders, his eyes narrowed.

"Stay close to me," he rumbled. Long sharp claws slipped out from the tips of his fingers, his hackles were raised. Curling his lips back, he revealed long yellowing canines.

### Chapter 6 by Logan (Love, Jacques)



I backed up. Then I held up my hand.

"Sorry, Ari. Wrong story."

"But--But Maximum Ride!"

I stopped him. "Yeah, not that Max. And you---you're supposed to be dead."

He paused. "Oh, I forgot."

He disappeared.

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